

1903

My Love is the Poster Maid

Fred H Clifford

Composer

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu/mmb-me>

Recommended Citation

Clifford, Fred H, "My Love is the Poster Maid" (1903). *Maine Sheet Music Collection*. Score 166.
<https://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu/mmb-me/166>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@UMaine. It has been accepted for inclusion in Maine Sheet Music Collection by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@UMaine. For more information, please contact um.library.technical.services@maine.edu.

MY LOVE IS THE POSTER MAID

My Love is the
Poster Maid

Words and music by
Fred H. Clifford

Yp Me.
000736
cli.

V P 1903
M

WORDS and MUSIC

BY

THE

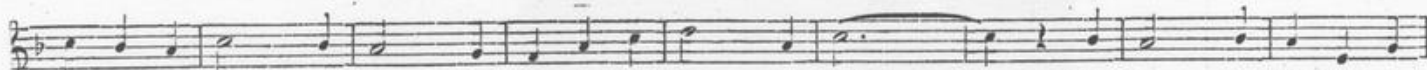
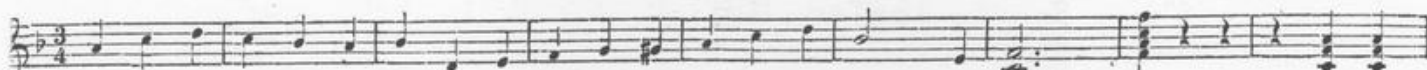
FRED H. CLIFFORD

MY LOVE IS

Tempo di valse.



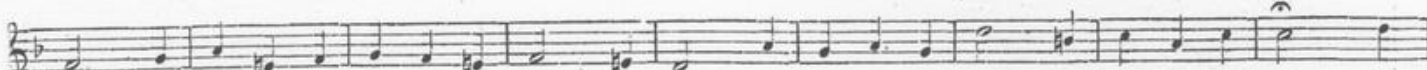
1. Oh, what a
2. Day af - ter
3. All thro' the



won - der - ful charm - er is the up - to - date post - er maid! . . . Her eyes so true Have a
day, as I wend my way, I meet with this maid - en fair. . . . I seek her eye As I'm
night I am haunt - ed by sweet tho'ts of my post - er maid. . . . In fond em-brace Her ma -



pur - ple hue Of deep - est and rich - est shade. . . . They hold me en - tranced by their stead - fast
pass - ing by, And hope for a twin - kle there. . . . Her mar - vel - lous fig - ure is draped com -
gen - ta face Close up to mine own is laid. . . . In fan - cy, the swish of her skirts I



stare; The depth of her soul is shown plain - ly there; And down in my breast, This thought oft finds rest: "My
plete In gaud - i - est rai - ment from head to feet; There's no one can show More style, as I know, Than
hear; 'Tis sweet - est of mu - sic up - on mine ear And, sleep - ing or not, I cher - ish the thought That



BOBE-SEPTEMBER 27, 1903.

DEPARTMENT OF AMERICAN MUSIC
MAINE FEDERATION OF MUSIC CLUBS

MUSIC

THE POSTER MAID

FORD

love is the post - er maid. . . . Vi - o - let lips has she; Hair like the
my love, the post - er maid. . . .
my love's the post - er maid. . . .

deep blue sea, Dear lit - tle cheeks that blush in brown when trib - utes of love are
paid. . . . Dash - ing and bold she stands Toy - ing her pea - green hands;

Won - drous - ly fair, None can com - pare With my love, the post - - er maid. . . . 8 va.